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### DON LUIS UNMASKED!!!

BEING

REMARKS ON THE MEMOIR OF DON  
LUIS DE ONIS, GONZALES, LOPEZ,  
Y VARA, &c. &c. &c.

By a Philadelphian.

PREFACE.—It is doubtful whether the Memoir of De Onis possesses enough interest to authorize its translation: it is certain it is thereby placed before the English critic in a garb that seems to invite aggression. In its original idiom it would have been little known beyond the boundaries of Spain, but it has now been rendered more accessible to the American and English reader. On the other side, it is not without beneficial results to show the slandered the portraits of the slanderers, and point out the enemies of our private and national characters in whatever quarter they may appear.

As the translation is now before the public, intermingled and perplexed, of course, with the conflicting statements of the original, and replete with the most flagrant misrepresentations and inconsistencies; it may be of service to offer a fair and simple representation of the principal features in which our country has been vilified and abused. No notice has been taken of the various eulogiums to be found in the Memoir, as they are introduced to further private views, and not from a seeming conviction of their truth;—for they are found almost invariably to be elsewhere contradicted. Innumerable errors both in fact and reasoning have been purposely passed over, as it was found impracticable properly to point out and refute them, without extending these remarks to an unwarrantable length.

The chief purpose of the writer is to show the absurdity, inconsistency, and falsehood of the attacks made upon all classes of citizens, from the chief magistrate to the day-labourer;—under the full conviction that no individual has the right of building up his own reputation with the wreck of another's, or vindicating his own character by destroying that of his fellow creatures. This having been the principal, if not only, aim of Don Luis, the exposition of his faults requires no apology, and their nature would justify language more harsh and severe than has been made use of in that development. There is scarcely an error however inexcusable, or a crime

however vile, that has not been brought forward against the government and people by Don Onis; and, on the pure principles of self-defence, or justifiable recrimination, expressions might have been employed, and facts circumstantially adduced, which have been suppressed from a regard to the feelings of the reader, and to the dignity of an honest vindication.

Those statistical errors which would have required a long and dry detail to elucidate, have not even been alluded to; but a sufficient number have been displayed to serve as examples of the whole: many other important mis-statements have been omitted from the same cause, as it was found impossible properly to discuss them, without creating even an unwieldy volume. The Memoir may, in fact, be called a regular series of errors, voluntary and involuntary—political, statistical, geographical, and historical—purloined from preceding writers, with the singular characteristic of rarely conveying the real significance of the originals, or with the more disgraceful one of wilfully distorting it. Ignorance, in many instances, originated errors, but the greater number have been the result of premeditation.

In adopting the great "plural unit," viz., the writer wished to escape a harsh and unpleasant species of egotism, whose frequent repetition had better be avoided; it is verbally following the footsteps of illustrious prototypes, and has, by universal consent, become the phraseology particularly adapted and almost exclusively confined, to the present species of composition. This acknowledgment is made to shun the imputation of affectation.

Although it is willingly acknowledged that more importance has been attached to the Memoir of De Onis than its intrinsic merits and general purposes deserve, still the labour of portraying its inimical character may not be entirely thrown away. It is needless to reiterate the trite, but not less true, accusation against this country, of a voluntary submission to foreign literary influence. There seems to be a magic charm in the word LONDON at the foot of a title-page, which extends the incantation to the last page of the volume: the names of Ballantyne and of Murray serve as passports throughout the whole American Republic of letters, and hold at least an equal rank with the most celebrated writers of the age. But, if long usage has rivetted

their chains, let our experience teach us to avoid any further entanglements; let not *De Burgos* of Madrid be added to Ballantyne of Edinburgh, and Murray of London.

Although the accusations of De Onis may be too contemptible to come within the scope of the apophthegm—*silence often betrays guilt*: at least, a hidden enemy is more dangerous than an open foe, and if he is dragged forth to general view, he may be crushed or avoided.

Such are the motives which have induced the writer to attempt a cursory exposition of the most noxious particles of this vile composition. If he were as satisfied of his abilities to analyze it, as of the correctness of his intentions, he would have deemed any prefatory remarks unnecessary.

A PHILADELPHIAN.

### DON LUIS UNMASKED, &c. &c. &c.

"*No se jamas visto tal cosa.*" It really requires a stretch of credence bordering upon the miraculous, to imagine ourselves summoned before, and amenable to, the bar of *Spanish* criticism—nor shall we be at all startled if, in addition to the formidable court of censors already sitting in judgment upon us, the Cosacks of the Don should follow the footsteps of the Dons of Southern Europe.

We may be permitted, before we enter upon the subject immediately before us, to indulge in a brief exordium.

We have been long accustomed to wince under the lash of English and French travellers, who have been kind enough to point out the moral and political errors of "the young America," and in the progress of their instruction, favour us not only with wholesome admonition, but exemplary chastisement; and it was a long time before we began to feel our own strength, and parry attacks before endured with great patience and resignation. We found that fables germinated in the heads, and delivered by the pens of certain so-journeying Gullivers, might have a pernicious effect in restraining the tide of emigration—that no man in his senses would vo-

luntarily encounter such monstrous mosquitoes as bit through the horse-boots of a man like General Washington, or subject himself to the painful operation of gouging on the banks of the Ohio—that no tender husband would expose his *caraposa* to the effects of a climate where “the women become wrinkled and decrepid at 35 or 40;” no affectionate parents abandon their daughters to the temptations of a society where “they have an odd habit, particularly the women, of taking a small quantity of opium every morning.”

What conscientious father, we demand, would transport his “little ones” to a clime where their “first play-thing” must be a “rattlesnake’s tail;” where they are lost if they lose sight “of their father’s door;” and where, “as they grow up they must shoot squirrels for breakfast,” “notch pigs in the ear,” and “lay traps for opossums;”—where they will fall into the practices of scourging slaves, and shooting Indians, eye-gouging and “gander-pulling;” where “black wenches wait at table in a state of perfect nudity;” where “men and women, if women happen to be travelling, lie promiscuously;” where a “captain drives the stage-waggon, and it puts up at the house of a colonel;” where the blushing daughter must learn the dangerous amusements of “bundling, tarrying, and sparking;” where the hopeful son must take to slingers” and “eleveners,” “rough and tumbling” and “grog-shops;” In fine, where the emigrant must become domesticated among a people of such wonderful origin, that “a grenadier” facetiously observed, “the Adam and Eve of this young nation came out of Newgate;”

Such weighty objections to the new settler were, at most, badly counterbalanced by certain advantages, generously accorded by these travellers themselves: For, although he might “take the execution of justice in his own hands,” and kill any man who stole his horse “on the spot, to save the trouble of lodging him in prison;”—still he runs the hazard of being shot by some “Farmer Grimes for walking across his plantation;” although he had the privilege “of appearing in courts of justice with his hat on,” nay of smoking his cigar within its pre-

cints—he encountered the danger of being dragged before that identical tribunal, and afterwards “suffered to die in jail for a libel on Mr. Jefferson;” although he might “be sent to Congress by a keg of brandy,” and be the dignified “representative of peach-brandy and rye-whiskey,” as “most of the members of the western states” actually are; he was, nevertheless, threatened with “the tobacco-spittle” of Matthew Lyon, or “the plant hickory” of Roger Griswold; although he might be educated in the inestimable art of “Kentuck” gymnastics—he was subject to be “imprisoned for an assault,” and be forgotten in his cell,” till found dead, *and half devoured by rats!*” although he might perfect his aim, and become “a dead-shot” at a Cherokee or Creek—his slumbers were liable to be deranged by “tomahawks and scalping knives;” and although he possessed the free enjoyment of his religious principles—he was in manifest danger from the delusions of “love feasts and camp meetings,” where “old and young, men, women, and children indiscriminately sleep together,” “the vigorous male by the unblushing female, black and white altogether,” raising up “a marvellous harvest of recruits to the methodist church.” In fine, not to produce the whole body of evidence for and against the propriety of emigration, the latter began to preponderate in so alarming a degree, that we were positively compelled to strip these amusing stories of no small portion of their interest, by showing pretty conclusively they possessed not a single particle of truth.\*

We then proceeded to prove to our trans-atlantic brethren, that although no “pigs run about the streets ready roasted, with knives and forks stuck in them, inviting, as it were, the hand of the hungry or the luxurious to carve them,” we

had nevertheless abundance of “pork, hominy, and Johnny cake,”—“molasses, cod-fish, and hasty pudding,” besides sundry other articles not commonly to be found in the huts of the English and Irish peasantry; nor even in the mansions of their more substantial farmers and “country gentlemen.” And finally, either by the strength of our own arguments, or the weakness of our antagonist’s, we have transplanted vast colonies of wealthy English farmers, independent Irish patriots, and dull industrious Germans, Dutch and Swiss, from the hot-beds of Europe into a rich, natural soil upon the banks of our mighty western waters.

We cannot, however, refrain from noticing a recent traveller amongst us, somewhat triumphantly when we consider that no hopes of gain have induced any of our booksellers to disgrace their country by the republication of his “Tour.”

There is one E. HOWITT—whose baptismal name may be Ebenezer, Eliakim, or Ezekiel, we know not which—professing in garb and language to be a member of the society of Friends. Our interest in the honour of that respectable body induces the hope that his pretensions are confined to his own professions; we may then allow them all the credibility they deserve, and vindicate the characteristic and uniform virtues of his titular brethren. This pseudo-friend labours with extraordinary vigilance to convey an unfavourable impression of America to his English readers, evidently for the purpose of stemming the torrent of emigration, which rushing violently from the pent-up sources of the old world, scatters itself calmly and peaceably over the vast possessions of the new. We have indulged in the appellation of *pseudo-friend*, because, if to its positive disgrace he is actually a member of the quaker society, it neither makes him virtually a quaker, nor a creditable man. A real, conscientious, religious friend is composed of other materials than a drab coloured suit, a *thee* and *thou*, a twang of the nose, and a sanctified demeanor—and we feel wonderfully disposed to be merry, when we hear *friend* Howitt, after deploring the loss of “a DOUBLE BARRELLED GUN” which he “highly valued both for the beau-

\* The phalanx of libellers, from whose writings these various paragraphs are extracted, are, Quarterly Review, vol. 13. p. 494, &c.: Weld’s Travels: Ashe’s Travels in America, vol. 1. p. 141: Janson’s Stranger in America: Lambert’s Tour through Canada and the United States: Michaux’s Travels, &c.: Priest’s Travels: Porcupine’s Works, vol. 7. 9. pp. 380, 381: Moore’s Epistles: Parkinson’s Tour, vol. 1. p. 44. vol. 2. p. 616, &c.

ty and the excellence of the workmanship," drawl forth to a tavern waiter, in the very essence of sanctimonious humidity; "*Waiter, wilt thou please to hand me the mustard?*"

This worthy successor of the Jan-sons and Welds, the Ashes and Fearons, the Robins and Volneys, the Moores and Halls, the Chastelleux and Liancourts, the Warvilles and Tallyrands, and a thousand others, has endeavoured to obstruct by falsehood what his contemporary, Mrs. Wright, has encouraged by adulation; and both courses are systematically wrong: in each case the springs of action are too conspicuous to give much value to the machinery thus set in motion; and we must fairly confess, that we prefer nugatory charges which are so easily repelled, to fulsome eulogiums which we do not deserve; especially when the one proceeds from a settled hatred towards this country, and the other purely from similar feelings towards the British government. We may be accused of a resolution not to be pleased even by unbounded eulogium, if proceeding from a foreign writer—but it is not the lot of humanity to reach the most exalted pinnacle of perfection, nor the nature of an American to indulge his credulity in so preposterous a belief. That we are superior to other nations we may readily believe, without supposing ourselves arrived at a degree of national excellence not attainable from the nature of man.

The representations of our counterfeit quaker may well startle the adventurous emigrant preparing to seek his fortunes in America, from the experimental conviction, that in no country of the world can he be more miserable and oppressed than in his native country: if the audacity of their invention is met with a correspondent credulity in their perusal, our extraneous sources of population are dried up forever, and the future greatness of "Anglo-America" must depend exclusively upon the exertions of its present inhabitants, and their devotions to the institutions of Hymen, and obedience to the great command "Increase and multiply." For, whatever may have been the embryo-emigrant's previous notions of misery, they would be likened unto

"heaven's bliss" in comparison with a residence in a country, where "children from the age of six, are taught to resent" the touching "of a hair of their head with a *stab*, and are seldom seen here without a knife for that purpose;" where "they set their parents at defiance, and are supported in their rebellion by their neighbours;" where they "shoot twice at an Englishman" who will "not permit them to come to his house to get drunk;" where "smoking and spitting are the luxuries of life," and friend Howitt "verily believes an American could not enjoy the thought of Heaven, if he were sure not to find there his whiskey and segar;" where, "in elegant houses, in carpeted rooms, you are happy if you escape spitting upon, for an American is free, and can spit where he pleases;" where he will not enjoy "such provisions for convenience and delicacy," as may be found even among "the Ashantees in Africa;" where he will be compelled to mingle with such human beings that "the Indians and wild beasts are far before them;" where the yellow fever is "the consequence of slave holding," the "grand cause of a terrible scourge from which this country will never be free till it makes its slaves free!" (Admirable ratiocination!) where he must associate with "a dirty, noisy, spitting, heterogeneous rabble," addicted to "filth," "inquisitiveness," "theft," "vulgar effrontery," and "odious with nastiness;" where the "Yankeys dress pretty much" like the Indians, "with silver bands about two inches broad round their hats," and "clothed in blankets tied with yellow strings;" where "a purchaser" of land becomes "a pauper and a slave;" where the people are "a mingled mass of the lowest of all countries, whom the sentence of violated laws, or crimes which inspired the fear of them, had banished;" where they "still retain some of the *nimble-fingered propensities of their ancestors*;" where they feloniously did steal friend Howitt's "double barrell'd gun," his "remarkably large and beautiful bunch of fox-grapes," and his "live rattlesnake," so that he did esteem himself "happy to escape at length with any thing left;" where he was assailed "by a fellow in a gruff tone" (who, at the same time, "was gob-

bling down his dinner with a voracity as savage and disgusting as his address.") with a "torrent of abuse and oaths before a large company," for having delivered the mild but anti-republican solicitation and apophthegm already recorded,—"*Waiter, wilt thou please to hand me the mustard?*" where a man shot an Englishman in his own house for refusing him some whiskey, and "the murderer was made a magistrate!" and where, (to conclude these serious obstacles to emigration,) the "grasshoppers and cicados" are of themselves enough in all conscience, to repress the ardour and bow down the spirit of the most determined settler. "The labour of expelling them is the labour of Sisyphus;" "kill millions, millions supply their places, for millions of acres are full;" ("Million of mischief!" as Shakespeare says); "the ground is buried under them;" "they devour every green blade;" "they start up in thousands, striking against your face with surprising force, and if you are not careful *jumping into your mouth!*" This might naturally be supposed the very acme of entomological misery; but no!—"If a man only lays down his clothes in the sun, they are devoured immediately" before his eyes! And, to give a more striking instance of their desolating voracity, friend Howitt's "brother having laid down his gun a few minutes in the grass, found on taking it up they had nearly ruined the stock!"

Now, although we are passably acquainted with the varied wonders of entomology—although we are aware the spider has eight eyes—that Purgett discovered 17,325 lenses in the cornea of a butterfly, and 800 in a fly—that the *hippoboscæ equina*, or horse-fly, will live, run, nay even copulate after being deprived of its head—and although we have not forgotten the valiant Lemuel Gulliver's combats with the flies and wasps of the Brobdingnagians, whose dimensions equalled those of partridges and Dunstable larks—yet we confess our utter ignorance in regard to the properties of the "grasshoppers and cicados" of this our native country, until enlightened by the researches of Friend Howitt. We also know, from the testimony of Dr. Lind, that woollen cloths wet with the first rains in



Guinea, "when hung up to dry, generate maggots in a few hours," and Baron Humboldt has informed us of the "moschetoes, *zancudo*, *jejeus* and *tempraneros*" which "render vast regions wholly uninhabitable" in South America; but we do not, in the whole extent of our reading, before remember to have met with animals so preposterously ravenous as "immediately" to devour the cloathes of the unfortunate traveller who carelessly "laid them down in the sun." We are also not ignorant that, such is the power of insects, within the scope of the "*plaga de las moscas*, the plague of the flies," the first question addressed to each other by two persons meeting in the morning, are "How did you find the *zancudos* during the night? How are you to-day for the moschetoes?"—and we are informed of the ancient morning salutation among the Chinese, "Have you been incommoded in the night by the serpents?" We are therefore prepared to repress our astonishment, should a kind neighbour institute friendly inquiries into the diminution of our wardrobe, and sympathise with our misfortunes in the necessity of re-stocking our rifles!

The characters of Dr. Lind and De Humboldt are sufficient pledges for their veracity, but verily, Friend Howitt, we must address *thee* in the severe but just language of the Psalmist, "Thou givest thy mouth to evil, and thy tongue frameth deceit. Thou sittest and speakest against thy brother; thou slanderest thine own mother's son."<sup>\*</sup>

But to proceed more regularly with the subject before us: Among the many self-constituted critical tribunals, which have kindly afforded "the young America" the advantages of their superior judgments by salutary chastisement and admonitions, through which we are to attain a respectable situation among the nations of the earth, none have been more assiduous and particular than those of the mother country. The recollection of our ancient de-

pendance—the events of a revolutionary struggle and later war—the similarity of language—the strong and oftentimes successful literary competition existing—all secure to Great Britain the dignified privilege of presiding over the education and habits of the froward child, which has burst away from its leading-strings, before it possessed the power of judging or acting for itself.

The French have also a satisfactory plea for the institution of their tribunal, in the recollection of services afforded during the revolutionary war, as well as in the development of French republicanism. To us they owe the origin of *sans-culottes*—the prostration of religion—the deification of the goddess of Reason—the celebration of her *fêtes*—the invention of the guillotine, or "national razor"—the monstrous horrors of *feux-de-file*, *noyades*, and *fusillades*—of "patriotic curtailing" and "*lanternings*"—the shouts of *Vive la Montaigne!* *Vive la Liberté!* *Vive la Nation!* *A la Force!* *A l'Abbaye!* *A la Mort!*—the curse of domiciliary visits—the massacres of September—the *bonnets-rouges* of the female "Furies of the Guillotine"—the frantic yells of the regicides and mangling butchers of Madame de Lamballe—the bands of *Tappe Durs*, *Tanguinocrats*, and *Montagnards!* All these, and innumerable other effects, arising from the operation of independent feelings when amalgamated with French principles, owe their origin to a small spark of the flames of Liberty which burned so fiercely but steadily in "the young America"—and certainly the Gallic cock may be entitled as a recompense, to crow most manfully on his own dunghill.

The rights of the German tribunals are not so clearly admissible; they possess a high rank in literature, and Germany has unquestionably supplied our country with the most meritorious, industrious and uniform portion of the emigrants, to whom it has given an asylum, and a rank amongst men.\* The general impression existing amongst German writers, in favour of these United States, goes far to substantiate their rights, although it would

be more pleasant, at the same time, to forget the hired Hessians of former days.

But, positively, by what right, moral, political, or literary, the degenerate Dons of Spain have re-established the Inquisition to torture us poor Americans, cannot be conceived—and, were it not for the printed testimony before us, could not be accredited. "Sblood" as Hamlet says, "there's something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out." If we take the whole aggregate of European nations, and examine their separate qualifications, it is apparent that, with the exception of the gallant Neapolitans, there is not one power possessing less right to canvass the rights, examine the policy, or decide upon the merits of a free and independent people, than Spain; there is not one in which the spirit and principles of a republican government are less understood, or more firmly abhorred—and it is only necessary to look towards the struggles of South America, to account for this general detestation. A Spaniard, then, is the last individual—not warped by hereditary hatred—to whom we, as republicans, and as pioneers in the grand march towards the universal emancipation of America, can look for justice and moderation.

In advertising more particularly to the Memoir of Don Luis de Onís, it is not our intention very systematically to analyze its contents: it is not only too diffuse to admit of such analysis, but the political pivot, upon which the greater part of his argumentative paragraphs revolve, is founded on events of so recent a nature, as to give neither interest nor novelty to their easy refutation. It is therefore our intention to confine ourselves to such observations as may attract our attention in a cursory perusal, without entering into particulars equally fatiguing to our readers and ourselves.

M. de Onís evidently labours under a difficulty of no ordinary magnitude, and exerts all the arts of diplomacy to extricate himself in a professional manner; he has at the same time to destroy an impression existing amongst his own countrymen, with regard to his fear, or predilection in favour of this government and people, and obey the

\* These disgraceful extracts are from "Selections from Letters written during a tour through the United States, in the summer and autumn of 1819, &c. By E. HOWITT. 12mo."

Vide, Literary Gazette, Vol. I. No. 29, p. 461.

\* Together with Holland and Switzerland.

mandates of his own conscientious opinions, grounded upon a long residence amongst us. It appears, in fact, to be a continual struggle between his own conscience, and his own political views—a desire to destroy the imputation of having negotiated a disgraceful treaty, without wholly violating every feeling founded in right and justice. However well he may have succeeded, and it is presumed did succeed, in establishing his political character, by procuring a ratification of the treaty, it has not been without considerable sacrifices at the expense of this country, nor without calling to his aid the most unauthorized remarks and flagrant injustice that could in any way serve to annihilate the fatal supposition of his devotion to the institutions, or dread of the power of the American people. This contrariety of feeling, added to the necessity of portraying the power of the United States in the strongest colours that could give plausibility to the voluntary cession of the Floridas, has produced a heterogeneous mass of extravagant praise and inexcusable slander, accordingly as each quality could be conveniently introduced without interfering with the main object in view. The result of this wily course has doubtless been extremely flattering to Don Luis, and (if honour can be attached to a mission to the court of Naples) no less honourable in the eyes of his Catholic Majesty.

From the time of De Onis' arrival at Washington, in October, 1809, till the end of December, 1815, our government uniformly refused to recognize any minister from the provisional governments of Spain, because the crown was in dispute, and the nation divided into two adverse parties—at the same time expressing its desire to preserve a good understanding and perfect harmony with that power. At length an event occurred, to which the ex-ambassador is pleased to attribute his formal recognition, to the grievous disappointment of the cabinet at Washington—and this event was no less than the downfall of Napoleon! When, to use his own words, "the prospect which had flattered its hopes was completely dissipated by the dethronement and ruin of Napoleon, and

the restoration of Ferdinand VII. to the throne of his august predecessors." [p. 13.] What these flattering prospects were, or in what manner the destruction of Napoleon affected our expectations in relation to Spain, the ex-ambassador has not thought proper to inform us.

We now find Don Luis, after a purgation of six years, the accredited minister of Spain. He had not been idle during this long period, but was assiduously employed in watching over the interests of the monarchy, and discharging the duties with which he had been entrusted, as far as his situation allowed. These duties consisted chiefly in continual altercations with the "insurgent agents," and regular remonstrances to our government, which is accused of secretly applauding the enterprises of her citizens in support of the "rebels" of South America. But, however pestered they may have been with these angry memorials, the constituted authorities were not prepared to acknowledge their unofficial origin, and we find Don Luis exceeding wroth at the "idle compliments" of the secretary of state, who "avoided the subject upon which he treated," and "neglected to answer him in writing." During this interval he penetrated with admirable sagacity into the views of the "Anglo-Americans."

"Upon the first movements of the revolution in Spain, the ambition of the Anglo American people was excited, and in the enthusiasm of their *presumptuous pride* and their gigantic projects, they believed that the time had arrived when a considerable portion of Spanish America was about to fall into their power, and the rest, after being emancipated, to submit to their influence." p. 14.

And these ambitious projects were the less excusable and more ungrateful, as

"Spain had never ceased, even in the midst of her struggle against the invading armies of the tyrant of Europe, to maintain the most perfect harmony with the United States, and to give them signal proofs of her sincere and generous friendship." p. 17.

It is certainly somewhat surprising that this generous nation should have evinced so great a degree of forbearance in "the midst of a struggle," during which its claims to the rank of an independent power rested upon so delicate a tenure,

that the defection of its allies would have destroyed them altogether! But M. De Onis is not ignorant that the United States have little to desire from the generosity, and less to fear from the power of a nation, who, unable to defend their legitimate sovereign, permitted a Buonaparte to ascend the throne of Spain, while their rightful king was fastened to the car of the conqueror—who are too imbecile to restrain the glorious march of freedom in their colonial possessions—and who, at the present moment, are torn by intestine commotions, and divided into sanguinary and ambitious factions. The ambassador knows that the numerical is beyond all precedent so greatly overproportioned to the physical strength of Spain, that any competition with a concentrated power such as the United States, would be idle and expensive, and subject his country to the loss of those valuable possessions immediately bordering upon our newly-acquired territories.

The occupation of *Baton Rouge*, in 1810, and of Mobile in 1812, were fruitful sources of discontent to the Spanish agent, although they were taken possession of as an integral part of Louisiana, and by a presidential proclamation held subject to amicable negotiation, as they had before been by Spain: both justice and policy demanded the occupancy; De Onis, however, considered them as "acts of aggression and violence," and the subsequent march of General Jackson into West Florida, for the purpose of driving the British forces from Pensacola, and of another body of American troops into East Florida, for purposes connected with the safety of our frontiers, roused the feelings of the ex-ambassador to that degree, that he "protested in the name of the king, against all and each of these excesses!" Our government still pursued its system of policy, and refused to reply to the protest of a private agent.

At length having been recognized by our government in December, 1815, in virtue of new credentials signed by his re-instated majesty, the gratified Don officially poured forth in a body the whole mass of grievances herein before mentioned—"complaints, remonstrances, and protests"—besides "many others

presented for the first time upon subjects of a similar nature." Nor did the indefatigable Don Luis depend solely upon the effect likely to be produced by these voluminous communications: he very naturally concluded that in a free representative government, the power being lodged in the hands of the people, if he could succeed in enlightening their understandings, it might have a restrictive effect upon the "views of the cabinet." He accordingly published certain "papers in the years 1810, 12 and 17, under the signature of *Verus*, for the purpose of enlightening public opinion, and restraining, as far as possible, the views of the cabinet." This master-stroke of diplomatic sagacity was attended with as much success as his avowed efforts, and our government inflexibly adhered to its system of neutrality.

There are two distinct points upon which Don Luis indulges in an extravagance, which provokes at once our laughter, indignation and contempt: 1. The piracies perpetrated in American vessels, by American citizens; 2. The ambition of our government and people.

We are willing at once to acknowledge the lamentable frequency of the crime of piracy, as well as of privateering, which have grown out of the defection of the Spanish colonies. In all countries, and under all forms of government, there are, and always will be, unprincipled and daring individuals, ready to take advantage of any adventitious circumstances which may repair their broken fortunes, or lead to wealth and independence; and it is too often the case that, provided the object be attained, the means are not modelled on the most just or honourable grounds. It would be a mockery of the name of *Patriot*—and indeed the events of the last few years have in some degree attached degradation to the name—to suppose the individuals who scour the ocean in search of plunder, are actuated by any of those ennobling sentiments, under whose veil they commit their depredations. We allude more particularly to those North Americans, who either have expatriated themselves for the purpose of enlisting under the Patriot flag, or, in defiance of the laws, are engaged in its service as citizens of

the United States. In neither of these instances do we conceive, with very limited exceptions, that the adventurers have had any other object in view than gain and personal aggrandizement. They are limited to a class of citizens not likely to be borne away by any romantic love of Spanish liberty, or aroused by the spirit of a modern chivalry—being, for the most part, individuals of no character at all, or totally regardless of whatever little they may chance to possess; and it is a notorious fact, that all those who are, or have been engaged in these enterprises—whether they have abandoned their birth-right, or violated the laws of their country—are looked upon in any other light than respectable or trust-worthy members of society.

To a certain extent, therefore, we distinctly coincide with the ambassador in condemning these nefarious outrages, but we as positively deny the extent to which, it is said, they have been perpetrated—the protection secretly afforded by our government—the remissness and criminality of our courts of justice—the immunity of the offenders, and their public display of acknowledged guilt; all which serious accusations are brought forward by Don Luis in the Memoir before us. We may go further: we acknowledge—or at least believe—that vessels have been fitted out *secretly* from the ports of the United States, owned, commanded, and in a great measure manned, by citizens of the United States, who, under the protection of a flag purchased or procured from some one of the independent states of South America, have nominally, if not virtually, shielded themselves from the penalties of piracy—and who, to the disgrace of their country and themselves, have amassed ill-gotten treasures by the plunder of Spanish and Portuguese merchantmen. Nor will we take it upon ourselves to deny, that men thus forgetful of every moral and social duty, might not under certain circumstances enfringe the rights of other nations. But we can truly declare, that such men would, upon discovery, not only encounter the rigour of the law, but be held up to universal execration.

The city of Baltimore, to which

these enterprises have, in fact, been chiefly, but not exclusively confined, is of course attacked with the greatest virulence; but, truly, we must have better authority than Don Luis, before we can retract our declaration that the ensuing paragraph either contains a malicious falsehood, or betrays unpardonable ignorance.

"For the purpose of bringing money into the country for their banks, and for their commerce with India, *formal companies* have been established in the city of Baltimore, who are engaged in fitting out *pirates* under the insurgent flag, which bring to the United States the proceeds of their robberies, committed not only against Spain and Portugal, but against the vessels of all other nations, which destroy the commerce of these nations, and which are bringing up a generation of monsters and assassins, that it will be extremely difficult hereafter to exterminate from the seas." p. 131.

Again:

"The only thing which I cannot avoid looking upon with horror, is the system of piracy organized in the city of Baltimore, a thousand times more mischievous than that of the Barbary powers."—p. 133.

So direct and positive a charge, however high the authority may be, is of itself sufficient to invalidate every statement in the Memoir.—However rashly and unadvisedly certain individuals in Baltimore may have prosecuted these illegal enterprises, it is as monstrous as it is unjust thus to brand the whole city with infamy. On the hither side of the Atlantic the accusation needs no refutation; it is met with less indignation than contempt. But we have ample reason to believe that this, together with all other statements to our disadvantage, will be seized with avidity by our European monitors, and draw forth abundance of sarcasm and advice. It is not our part—indeed it would be impossible—to disprove an assertion which has no other foundation than the flighty imagination of Don Luis de Onís, Gonzalez, Lopez y Vara. We can only positively record, that no such association does at the present moment, or has ever in passed time, existed in the city of Baltimore, leaving it to his excellency to substantiate the assertion which he has so groundlessly made.

But Don Luis, in the warmth of his zeal, exhibits the administration of justice in a point of view alike

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disgraceful to the local authorities and to the general government; he, in fact, accuses both of co operating with pirates and legalizing piracy!

"This system (of "pillage and robbery") soon became general as a branch of speculation in the principal ports of the Union, and the American merchants devoted themselves to it with the most eager zeal, while the government and judicial tribunals showed themselves insensible or indifferent, as well to the complaints of individuals, as to those presented by myself or the consuls; and Spanish property brought in the captured vessels themselves, or in others under the American flag, ceased not to enter the country, and to swell the mass of public wealth. The interest of the government conspired with that of the people to tolerate and protect this lucrative piracy; hence it is that it has been constantly pursued, even to the present moment, and that even in the most atrocious and legally established cases, in which, to the plunder of Spanish cargoes, and of the clothes and property of the crews and passengers, was sometimes added the assassination of innocent victims, at other times the infliction of the most cruel torments, the monsters who committed these crimes have escaped with impunity, and have triumphantly paraded through the ports and cities of the United States."—p. 19.

Again:

"The result of the suits brought by the Spanish consuls before the American judges and tribunals, was, in general, a confirmation of the robbery, and the triumphant impunity of its authors."—p. 20.

To disprove—if such unfounded accusations are worthy of being disproved at all—the truth of criminal neglect, or mal-administration in our judicial courts, it is only necessary to appeal to the records of the various tribunals from Boston to New Orleans. The ex-ambassador and his agents were indefatigable in ferreting out all piratical, or suspected, delinquents, and our judges and juries were equally patient in investigating the charges, and affording the accused the benefit of a fair and impartial hearing: these charges, in very many cases, were frivolous and vexatious, unsupported by evidence, and founded on suspicion;—as was particularly the case with respect to certain trials at Baltimore, the result of which has given occasion to Don Luis to indulge in very illiberal animadversions upon the conduct of the judiciary, whom he flatly accuses of acting under "the influence of the Execu-

tive" as well as of "the people;" and as if so shameless a charge could obtain credit by a desperate manœuvre, he impudently appeals to every "unprejudiced Anglo-American" to support the truth of his assertion. "A thing, he says, which no unprejudiced Anglo-American will dare to contradict, if he really entertains a love for his country." (p. 116.)—With such notions of American jurisprudence, we are not at all astonished to discover various attacks upon "Anglo-American legislation," arbitrary judges, corrupt juries, governmental influence, &c. &c. &c. scattered throughout the Memoir.

"The Anglo-American legislation is the most informal, the most vague, and the most vicious of which I have any knowledge."—p. 110.

"The judges pronounce arbitrarily, and it is very common to see one decide for, and another against, in the same case, and under circumstances perfectly equal." p. 111.

"The Executive will seize the sceptre and the confederation go to ruin."—p. 10.

"The lawyers convert the forum into a hall of ostentatious declamation and refined sophistry: they support the pro and con with equal serenity, and always find in the laws some text or other in their favour."—p. 111.

Although this is not the most silly paragraph in the book, as we shall presently show, it cannot fail to excite a smile upon the countenances of professional gentlemen.

"The institution of trial by jury is in its nature excellent, but it is of little use in the United States: for the judge there has always too much influence on the jury, and even sometimes dictates to them how they should decide in the case before them." p. 112.

"In suits instituted by foreigners against Anglo-American citizens, the juries very seldom decide against their countrymen, for patriotism will not always suffer them to fulfil the strict duties of equity, particularly when it opposes the predominant policy, which is to let no money go out of the country." p. 113.

"The laws furnish subterfuges to elude the most clear and tenable actions, and the judges generally lean to the interest of the country, even when they are conscious it wants both reason and justice" p. 113.

"Law-suits are interminable when the lawyers unite for that purpose." p. 113.

"They make the parties pay exorbitant fees, and almost always in advance." p. 113.

"The only punishment that results from the proof of a witness, or either of the parties, (for both must establish their

action by oath) having committed perjury, is that his testimony produces no effect!" p. 114.

The diplomatic Don does not appear to have made a proper use of his time during his attendance upon our courts, in thus stating *perjury* as free from punishment when it is in fact a criminal offence.

"In criminal suits it is necessary that the crime should be completely, and superabundantly proved, before the penalty of the law can be imposed." p. 114.

This continued tirade is truly pitiful, and we cannot at all associate in our minds the high standing of the Spanish minister with a querulous, petty, petulant exasperation against the whole body of law makers and law expounders—executive, judges, juries, and lawyers—for no other reason, that we can discover, but the refusal of conscientious tribunals to hang every man that Don Luis suspected of piracy.

That, in cases where ample proof was adduced, the laws were rigidly enforced, our judicial records amply attest; nay, there have not been examples wanting of the infliction of capital punishment as the penalty of piracy; and in a country like this, where there is a tender regard for the life of man—where he cannot be condemned to the gallows for a shilling—where the report of an execution flies with rapidity from one extremity of the Union to the other, so rarely does it occur—and where there is no Inquisition, in whose cells the miserable victim might perish unheard and unheeded, amid the diabolical agency of tortures and torments—we humbly conceive the operations of the law have in nowise been impeded by national predilection, and have been quite as exemplary and extensive as Don Luis or his master have a right to demand. So thirsty, indeed, is the ex-ambassador for the blood of every "Anglo-American"

as he is universally and affectingly pleased to call us, engaged in aiding the Insurgent Provinces, that he is entirely out of humour with the wise and merciful prerogative vested in the governors of states, and in the president of the United States, of pardoning capital offences; thus "giving absolute impunity to the culprits," says Don Luis, "as if they were perfectly innocent, from a generosity, in my opinion, badly

understood." The legal knowledge of the Don, and the nature of his acquaintance with our political machine, have been so amply tested in preceding extracts, that we receive his opinion with all the consideration it merits.

As to his strictures upon the conduct of our government, the executive upon more occasions than one, took much pains to impress upon the stubborn, or impenetrable, mind of the minister, in reply to his "complaints, remonstrances, protests, explanations, and notes," that the governors of each state watched over the laws, and that in case of their violation, recourse should be had to the magistrates and tribunals of justice, and not to the executive. Still Don Luis continued dissatisfied, and not knowing, perhaps, what other course to pursue, resolved to ease at once his mind and his budget, by a shipment of his "complaints, remonstrances, protests, explanations, and notes" to Europe. "I gave," says he indignantly, "an account of all this to his majesty!" The Don might appropriately have exclaimed with the credulous old shepherd in the Winter's Tale, "Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but *the king*." We trust his catholic majesty was more edified by these important documents than we have been with the Memoir before us.

We now proceed to the other point alluded to, upon which the wild fantasies of the ex-ambassador savour strongly—if not of physical, at least of political insanity:—we allude to the *ambition of "Anglo-America."* It is proper to premise that the substantiation of this charge was of great importance to his main object; but the picture is so extravagantly coloured, that no man of common sense, though graduated on a Spanish scale, could avoid penetrating the motives by which the Don was actuated. It was necessary to give a more than colossal majesty to the physical strength, and "mad and presumptuous ambition" of the "Anglo-Americans, to prove to his majesty and the Cortes, that if the demands of our government had not been complied with, it possessed the *power* of re-implementing our plundered citizens, by taking forcible possession of the Floridas, or

others of the Spanish Americas; and was, moreover, so guided by a "mad and presumptuous ambition," as to render further conquests the probable consequences of such an event. He has, in our opinion, taken infinite pains to impress the truth of a fact which has never been doubted, in his or any other country—the power of the United States to annex all adjoining Spanish territories to the Union, whenever justice or policy might warrant the measure. Don Luis, however, says, that in 1795, "Spain might have dictated the law to (this) Republic;" but at the same time he did not believe it. If Spain possessed this power, the treaty of amity, limits and navigation, signed, during that year by Don Manuel Godoy would have hardly embraced the most valuable and flattering cessions to the United States. It would not have given "to the American territory about one degree in the whole extent of the dividing line between the Floridas and the territory of the Republic, from east to west, and put into (our) hands the most fertile lands that belonged to the Floridas, the most beautiful rivers that flowed from Georgia to Mississippi, the important post of Natchez, and other fortifications that served for (their) defence of the Floridas against the United States." p. 165.

The difficulties in which the ambassador found himself involved, and from which it was necessary at all hazards to extricate himself, required the exertion of all his energies; to prove the "Anglo-Americans" were a powerful and ambitious people, coveting foreign dominions and ripe for foreign conquests would assure to him a firm foundation, upon which he might build his arguments, and indicate his proceedings. The case, which has occupied a considerable portion of the Memoir, was briefly this: the claims of American merchants for spoiliations committed by Spanish cruisers, and the condemnation of French captures in the ports of Spain, had at length by the accumulation of interest exceeded 15 millions of dollars; the American government, wearied by the slow measures and vacillating policy of the Spanish king, would no longer permit its citizens to be cajoled by false promises and delusive expectations;

the finances of Spain, reduced to the lowest ebb, were totally inadequate to the liquidation of the debt; the cession of the Floridas was the only plan by which this could, in any manner, be effected, and Don Onís signed a definitive treaty to that effect on the birth-day of Washington, 1819; this treaty was considered disgraceful to the Spanish nation, and the ministry and council of state suspended its ratification; Don Luis was involved in this disgrace, and accused of too much fear or affection for the free institutions of this country; and thus it became his interest—before the sitting of the Cortes, whose ratification or rejection of the treaty so materially affected his popularity and diplomatic reputation, had closed—to promulgate such a doctrine, and disseminate such reasons for his political conduct, as might at once satisfy the prejudices of the people, and sway the Cortes in its final deliberations upon the subject of the treaty. In a case of such vital importance to himself, it was necessary in the first place to remove the odium of attachment to a Republican government, by abusing both the administration, and the people; we consequently find that few writers have evinced a more glaring illiberality, and a more thorough determination to depreciate our public and private characters, than Don Luis de Onís. Of course such extravagance of abuse was deemed sufficient to repel the accusation of partiality towards this country.

The second difficulty to be overcome, was the disgrace attached to the cession of the Floridas; this was, indeed, an arduous undertaking, but the veteran diplomatist was not easily intimidated. He concentrated all the arts of his profession—denied that the transfer of the Floridas was any *cession* at all—and manfully declared that Spain actually received 23 millions of dollars for that transfer! This sophistry, no doubt, had considerable influence over the Cortes; "if" as Mr. Watkins observes, "M. de Onís was enabled to persuade them that Spain would gain 23 millions of dollars by the cession of the Floridas to the United States, he deserves immortal credit for his ingenuity." But, says Don Luis, Spain will derive, in reality, an advantage of 15



millions from the Floridas, for her debts to the United States, amount at least to that sum, and this amount, together with 8 millions for which France must be responsible to Spain for the injuries caused by the French, as is also stipulated in the late treaty, makes the grand total of 23 millions!

(To be continued.)

#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Ten Years' Exile; or, Memoirs of that interesting period of the life of the Baroness de Staël Holstein, written by herself, during the years 1810, 1811, 1812, and 1813; and now first published from the original manuscript.* By HER SON. Translated from the French. 8vo. pp. 434. London, 1821.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

It is hardly possible that any thing relative to M. de Staël can fail to entertain and interest: certainly this publication does both, though not without drawbacks, which it must be our duty to notice in the sequel. These however do not very materially affect the chief merit which confers a value on the work, namely, its displaying the writer in perhaps more genuine and natural lights than any of her other productions, and its developing, by personal anecdote and acute analysis, the character of the late Napoleon Buonaparte.

The volume is divided into two parts; the first from 1800, to the commencement of the empire in 1804; the second, from 1810 to 1812, i. e. from the suppression of M. de Staël's work on Germany, to her arrival in Sweden, having fled from Coppet and the oppression of her Imperial enemy. Thus, though intitled *Ten Years' Exile*, the period embraced is only six years, with an interval of six between the first four and the last two. This interval is very briefly filled up with a narrative of the leading events of M. de Staël's life, during its continuance, by the editor.

The various circumstances of persecution, of fear, of pain, of hope, of limitation, of travel, under which the author of *Corinne* penned these fragments of her memoirs, bestow a great additional charm upon them; and when we observe, besides, that they are not deficient in touches of the rich, vivid, and feminine imagination which has rendered the wri-

tings of this extraordinary woman so universally celebrated, it will readily be believed that they offer an enjoyment of no common kind to the lovers of that description of literature to which they belong. It is true that, to the sound sense and sober apprehension of British readers, the fair heroine of this real romance may appear to be in many instances fanciful and even fantastic; but it should be recollected, that refined sentiments, the exaggeration of feelings, the extreme sensibility, and the species of chimerical existence to which a Parisian lady of the brilliant order sets out with pretending, by assumption and habit become her actual nature, till in the end she is the victim of sensations which were originally, like her shawls, mere fashionable externals put on and thrown off as the mode and society demanded. Not even the energetic mind of a De Staël could escape this silly contagion; with all its powers it still bears the mimosa impress of the French female, and is still as subject to shrinkings, agonies, despairs without adequate cause, as that of the veriest milkmaid who screams at a mouse, or the weakest girl who faints at a spider. It is probably owing to this that the author is made to appear so very important a figure in her own canvass, and in that of her filial editor. We know that she was disliked and persecuted by Buonaparte, but we can hardly credit the statements which exhibit her as almost the only object of his dread and hatred. Buonaparte feared the press and the talents of a woman whose style was so piquant and popular; but it seems incredible that, amid all the cares of his mighty seat, he should have considered her so obnoxious as to turn upon her every engine of his peculiar vengeance. On the contrary, we suspect that the indications of his displeasure being strongly marked and notorious, inferior agents were ready enough to plague and torment this sensitive female, who was, by-the-by, always affording them pretexts for annoying her by disobeying every police regulation of which she was the subject. But these considerations are detaining us too long from her account of her moral martyrdom, to which we shall now beg our readers to turn with us,

holding in mind that the writer ever views herself as dividing France and public opinion in opposition to its despotic ruler.

The cause of Napoleon's animosity is asserted to be, the refusal of M. de Staël to employ her pen in his praise, and the following anecdotes occur in elucidating this and other topics:

"I do not believe (says his fair rival) that when Buonaparte put himself at the head of affairs, he had formed the plan of universal monarchy; but I believe that his system was, what he himself described it a few days after the 18th Brumaire to one of my friends: 'Something new must be done every three months, to captivate the imagination of the French nation; with them, whoever stands still is ruined.' He flattered himself with being able to make daily encroachments on the liberty of France, and the independence of Europe; but, without losing sight of the end, he knew how to accommodate himself to circumstances; when the obstacle was too great, he passed by it, and stopped short when the contrary wind blew too strongly."

The next remarks are made on the explosion of the infernal machine: "Ashe (Buonaparte) escaped, the most lively interest was expressed towards him: philosophers proposed the re-establishment of fire and the wheel for the punishment of the authors of this outrage; and he could see on all sides a nation presenting its neck to the yoke. He discussed very coolly at his own house the same evening what would have happened if he had perished. Some persons said that Moreau would have replaced him: Buonaparte pretended that it would have been general Bernadotte. 'Like Antony,' said he, 'he would have presented to the inflamed populace the bloody robe of Cæsar.' I know not if he really believed that France would have then called Bernadotte to the head of affairs, but what I am quite sure of is, that he said so for the purpose of exciting envy against that general."

The first use of the royal *we* by Buonaparte was in the appointment of his brother-in-law, Leclerc, to St. Domingo, in autumn, 1801; and this *our* was a bitter pill to the republicans and M. de Staël; with augment-

ed dislike, therefore, she goes on to paint the tyrant:—

"Buonaparte then proclaimed, that peace was the first want of the world: every day he signed some new treaty, therein resembling the care with which Polyphemus counted the sheep as he drove them into his den. The United States of America also made peace with France, and sent as their plenipotentiary a man who did not know a word of French, apparently ignorant that the most complete acquaintance with the language was barely sufficient to penetrate the truth, in a government which knew so well how to conceal it. The first consul, on the presentation of Mr. Livingston, complimented him, through an interpreter, on the purity of manners in America, and added, 'the old world is very corrupt; then turning round to M. de \*', he repeated twice, 'explain to him that the old world is very corrupt: you know something of it, don't you?' This was one of the most agreeable speeches he ever addressed in public to this courtier, who was possessed of better taste than his fellows, and wished to preserve some dignity in his manners, although he sacrificed that of the mind to his ambition.

"Meantime, however, monarchical institutions were rapidly advancing under the shadow of the republic. A pretorian guard was organized: the crown diamonds were made use of to ornament the sword of the first consul, and there was observable in his dress, as well as in the political situation of the day, a mixture of the old and new regime; he had his dresses covered with gold and his hair cropped, a little body and a large head, an indescribable air of awkwardness and arrogance, of disdain and embarrassment, which altogether formed a combination of the bad graces of a *parvenu*, with all the audacity of a tyrant. His smile has been cried up as agreeable; my own opinion is, that in any other person it would have been found unpleasant; for this smile, breaking out from a confirmed serious mood, rather resembled an involuntary twitch than a natural movement, and the expression of his eyes was never in unison with that of his mouth; but as his smile had the effect of encouraging

those who were about him, the relief which it gave them made it be taken for a charm. I recollect once being told very gravely by a member of the Institute, a counsellor of state, that Buonaparte's nails were perfectly well made. Another time a courtier exclaimed, 'The first consul's hand is beautiful!' 'Ah! for heaven's sake, sir,' replied a young nobleman of the ancient noblesse, who was not then a chamberlain, 'don't let us talk politics.' The same courtier, speaking affectionately of the first consul, said, 'He frequently displays the most infantine sweetness.' Certainly, in his own family, he amuses himself sometimes with innocent games; he has been seen to dance with his generals; it is even said that at Munich, in the palace of the king and queen of Bavaria, to whom no doubt this gaiety appeared very odd, he assumed one evening the Spanish costume of the emperor Charles VII. and began dancing an old French country dance, *la Monaco*."

On the annexation of the Cisalpine republic in 1802, we find these spirited remarks: "As people were not yet accustomed to the idea of the unity of the French republic being transformed into the unity of one man, no one ever dreamt of the same person uniting on his own head the first consulship of France and the presidency of Italy; it was expected therefore that count Melzi would be nominated to the office, as the person most distinguished by his knowledge, his illustrious birth, and the respect of his fellow-citizens. All of a sudden the report got abroad that Buonaparte was to get himself nominated; and at this news a moment of life seemed still perceptible in the public feeling. It was said that the French constitution deprived of the right of citizenship whoever accepted employment in a foreign country; but was he a Frenchman, who only wanted to make use of the great nation for the oppression of Europe, and *vice versa*? Buonaparte juggled the nomination of president out of all these Italians, who only learned a few hours before proceeding to the scrutiny, that they must appoint him. They were told to join the name of count Melzi, as vice-president, to that of Buonaparte. They were assured that they would

only be governed by the former, who would always reside among them, and that the latter was merely ambitious of an honorary title. Buonaparte said to them himself, in his usual emphatic manner, 'Cisalpinos, I shall preserve only the great idea of your interests.' But the great idea meant the complete power. The day after this election, they were seriously occupied in making a constitution, as if any one could exist by the side of this iron hand. The nation was divided into three classes; the *possidenti*, the *dotti*, and the *commercianti*. The landholders to be taxed; the literary men to be silenced; and the merchants to have all the ports shut against them. These sounding words in Italian are even better adapted to the purposes of quackery than the corresponding French.

"Buonaparte had changed the name of Cisalpine republic into that of Italian republic, thereby giving Europe an anticipation of his future conquests in the rest of Italy."

During the summer of 1803 began the great farce of the invasion of England; flat-bottomed boats were ordered to be built from one end of France to the other; they were even constructed in the forests on the borders of the great roads. The French, who have in all things a very strong rage for imitation, cut out deal upon deal, and heaped phrase upon phrase: while in Picardy some erected a triumphal arch, on which was inscribed, 'road to London;' others wrote, 'To Buonaparte the Great. We request you will admit us on board the vessel which will bear you to England, and with you the destiny and the vengeance of the French people.'—This vessel, on board of which Buonaparte was to embark, has had time to wear herself out in harbour. Others put, as a device for their flags in the roadstead, '*A good wind, and thirty hours*.' In short, all France resounded with gascanades, of which Buonaparte alone knew perfectly the secret." \* \*

"A very odd peculiarity in the French, and which Buonaparte has penetrated with great sagacity, is, that they, who are so ready to perceive what is ridiculous in others, desire nothing better than to render themselves ridiculous, as soon as their vanity finds its account in it

in some other way. Nothing certainly presents a greater subject for pleasantry, than the creation of an entirely new noblesse, such as Buonaparte established for the support of his new throne. The princesses and queens, *citizenesses* of the day before, could not themselves refrain from laughing at hearing themselves styled, 'your majesty.' Others, more serious, delighted in having their title of monseigneur repeated from morning to night, like Moliere's City Gentleman. The old archives were rummaged for the discovery of the best documents on etiquette; men of merit found a grave occupation in making coats of armour for the new families; finally, no day passed which did not afford some scene worthy of the pen of Moliere; but the terror which formed the back ground of the picture, prevented the grotesque of the front from being laughed at as it deserved to be."

"Puns without end were darted against this nobility of yesterday; and a thousand expressions of the new ladies were quoted, which presumed little acquaintance with good manners. And certainly there is nothing so difficult to learn, as the kind of politeness which is neither ceremonious nor familiar: it seems a trifle, but it requires a foundation in ourselves; for no one acquires it, if it is not inspired by early habits or elevation of mind. Buonaparte himself is embarrassed on occasions of representation; and frequently in his own family, and even with foreigners, he seems to feel delighted in returning to those vulgar actions and expressions which remind him of his revolutionary youth. Buonaparte knew very well that the Parisians made pleasantries on his new nobility; but he knew also that their opinions would only be expressed in vulgar jokes, and not in strong actions. The energy of the oppressed went not beyond the equivocal of a pun; and as in the East they have been reduced to the apologue, in France they sunk still lower, namely, to the clashing of syllables. A single instance of a *jeu de mot* deserves, however, to survive the ephemeral success of such productions; one day as the princesses of the blood were announced, some one added, *of the blood of*

*Enghein*. And in truth, such was the baptism of this new dynasty."

Touching the duke d'Enghein, there is another simple but pathetic incident told. M. de S. says, "A lady of my acquaintance related to me that a few days after the death of the duke d'Enghein, she went to take a walk round the castle of Vincennes; the ground still fresh, marked the spot where he had been buried; some children were playing with little quoits upon this mound of turf, the only monument for the ashes of such a man. An old invalid, with silvered locks, was sitting at a little distance, and remained some time looking at these children; at last he arose, and leading them away by the hand, said to them, shedding some tears, 'Do not play there my children, I beseech you.' These tears were all the honours that were paid to the descendant of the great Condé, and the earth did not long bear the impression of them."

When M. de Staël's exile was announced to her by the duke of Rovigo, he writes thus whimsically: "You must not seek for the cause of the order which I have signified to you, in the silence which you have observed with regard to the emperor in your last work; that would be a great mistake; he could find no place there which was worthy of him; but your exile is a natural consequence of the line of conduct you have constantly pursued for several years past. It has appeared to me that the air of this country did not at all agree with you, and we are not yet reduced to seek for models in the nations whom you admire,

"Your last work is not at all French; it is by my orders that the impression has been seized. I regret the loss which it will occasion to the bookseller; but it is not possible for me to allow it to appear." And the disappointed author, who had 10,000 copies destroyed, avenges herself in these remarks, the whole affair being such as could have happened nowhere but in France, under Buonaparte and his

\* It is afterwards stated, that in a very few days after his coronation, Buonaparte pronounced some words which declared all his purposes: "People laugh at my new dynasty; in five years it will be the oldest in all Europe."

ministers: "The stale hypocrisy with which I was told that the air of this country did not agree with me, and the denial of the real cause of the suppression of my book, are worthy of remark. In fact, the minister of police had shown more frankness in expressing himself verbally respecting me: he asked why I never named the emperor or the army in my work on Germany? On its being objected, that the work being purely literary, I could not well have introduced such subjects, 'Do you think then,' replied the minister, 'that we have made war for eighteen years in Germany, and that a person of such celebrity should print a book upon it, without saying a word about us? This book shall be destroyed, and the author deserves to be sent to Vincennes.'"

Another anecdote of an earlier period (in 1800) is also so characteristic of all parties, and of the nation, that we shall here transcribe it, though the art of smart conversation suffers from the exposé. "I was (says our author) invited to general Berthier's one day, when the first consul was to be of the party; and as I knew that he expressed himself very unfavourably about me, it struck me that he might perhaps accost me with some of those rude expressions, which he often took pleasure in addressing to females, even to those who paid their court to him; I wrote down, therefore, as they occurred to me, before I went to the entertainment, a variety of tart and piquant replies, which I might make to what I supposed he might say to me. I did not wish to be taken by surprise, if he allowed himself to insult me, for that would have been to show a want both of character and understanding; and as no person could promise themselves not to be confused in the presence of such a man, I prepared myself beforehand to brave him. Fortunately the precaution was unnecessary; he only addressed the most common questions possible to me; and the same thing happened to all his opponents, to whom he attributed the possibility of replying to him: at all times, however, he never attacks, but when he feels himself much the strongest. During supper, the first consul stood behind the chair of Madame Buonaparte, and balanced himself some-



times on one leg, and sometimes on the other, in the manner of the princes of the house of Bourbon. I made my neighbour remark this vocation for royalty, already so decided."

Observing upon one of the minor grievances inflicted upon her, M. de Staël says—"The prefect of Geneva had received no orders to refuse me my passports for Paris, but I knew that the first consul had said in the midst of his circle, that I would do well not to return; and he was already in the habit, on subjects of this nature, of dictating his pleasure in conversation, in order to prevent his being called upon, by the anticipation of his orders. If he had in this manner said, that such and such an individual ought to go and hang himself, I believe that he would have been displeased, if the submissive subject had not, in obedience to the hint, bought a rope and prepared the gallows."

We do not know how far this might have been the case, but we have heard stories which showed that stronger intimations of the kind were both given and obeyed. A wretch, who was commandant at Verdun, and whose extortions from our unfortunate countrymen there, and abuse of these injured prisoners were long winked at, became at last so notoriously infamous, that the imperial cabinet was under the necessity of noticing the complaints against him. We are assured, that on this occasion, the offender received from the minister of the interior a letter, stating that the emperor had inquired into his conduct, and found it to be criminal; and therefore had ordered him, *if he happened to be alive on such a day*, to be adjudged by a military commission, and shot. The villain took the hint, and destroyed himself.

In the second division of these memoirs, the author relates the persecutions she endured after her return to Coppet; the banishment of her friends; and the particulars of her own flight through Austria into Russia, of her residence in the latter country, and final departure for Stockholm, when the French were about to enter Moscow. In spite of her morbid feelings and imaginary whims, there is much of striking interest in these pages, which strangely combine the fantastic with

the intelligent, and the romantic with the acutely rational. She passes through Orleans, for example, and paints her emotions in these words: "One feels a singular sensation in wandering through a town, where you neither know, nor are known to a soul. I felt a kind of bitter enjoyment in picturing to myself my isolated situation in its fullest extent, and in still looking at that France which I was about to quit, perhaps for ever, without speaking to a person, or being diverted from the impression which the country itself made upon me. Occasionally persons passing stopped to look at me, from the circumstance, I suppose, of my countenance having, in spite of me, an expression of grief; but they soon went on again as it is long since mankind have been accustomed to witness persons suffering." In like manner, an order to halt only eight hours instead of twenty-four, or the attendance of a police commissary, are indescribable horrors! "The commissary intrusted with the inspection of me, fatigued himself in bowing to the very ground, but would not in the least modify his charge. He got into a calèche, the horses of which followed me so close, that they touched the hind wheels of my berline. The idea of entering escorted in this manner, into the residence of an old friend, into a paradise of delight, where I had been feasting my ideas by an anticipation, with spending several days; this idea, I say, made me so ill, that I could not get the better of it; joined to that also was, I believe, the irritation of finding at my heels this insolent spy, a very fit subject, certainly, to outwit, if I had had the desire, but who did his duty with an intolerable mixture of pedantry and rigor. I was seized with a nervous attack in the middle of the road, and they were obliged to lift me out of my carriage, and lay me down on the side of the ditch." One can hardly commiserate real evils, when they are invoked so hysterically to pity such trifling chagrins as these. On her route from Coppet, M. de S. says,— "I had a curiosity to see the Cretins of the Valais, of whom I had so often heard. This miserable degradation of man affords ample subject for reflection: but it is excess-

ively painful to see the human countenance thus become an object of horror and repugnance. I remarked, however, in several of these poor creatures, a degree of vivacity bordering on astonishment, produced on them by external objects. As they never recognize what they have already seen, they feel each time fresh surprise; and the spectacle of the world, with all its details, is thus for ever new to them; it is, perhaps, the compensation for their sad state, for certainly their's is one. It is some years since a Cretin, having committed assassination, was condemned to death; as he was led to the scaffold, he took it into his head, seeing himself surrounded with a crowd of people, that he was accompanied in this manner to do him honour; and he laughed, held himself erect, and put his dress in order, with the idea of rendering himself more worthy of the fête. Was it right to punish such a being for the crime which his arm had committed?"

Reverting to her principal theme, she tells us, that, in 1811, "The news I received announced to me from all quarters the formidable preparations of the emperor: it was evident that he wished first to make himself master of the ports of the Baltic by the destruction of Russia, and that afterwards he reckoned on making use of the wrecks of that power to lead them against Constantinople, and his subsequent intention was, to make that the point of starting for the conquest of Asia and Africa. A short time before he left Paris, he had said, 'I am tired of this old Enrope.' And in truth she is no longer sufficient for the activity of her master." \* \*

"At Gitomir, the chief town of Volhynia, I was told that the Russian minister of police had been sent to Wilna, to learn the motive of the emperor Napoleon's aggression, and to make a formal protest against his entry into the Russian territory. One can hardly credit the numberless sacrifices made by the emperor Alexander in order to preserve peace. And, in fact, far from Napoleon having it in his power to accuse the emperor Alexander of violating the treaty of Tilsit, the latter might have been reproached with a too scrupulous fidelity to that fatal treaty, and it was rather he

who had the right of declaring war against Napoleon, as having first violated it. The emperor of France, in his conversation with M. Balasheff, the minister of police, gave himself up to those inconceivable indiscretions which might be taken for *abandon*, if we did not know that it suits him to increase the terror which he inspires, by exhibiting himself as superior to all kinds of calculation. 'Do you think,' said he to M. Balasheff, 'that I care a straw for these Polish Jacobins?' And I have been really assured that there is in existence a letter, addressed several years since, to M. de Romanzoff by one of Napoleon's ministers, in which it was proposed to strike out the name of Poland and the Poles from all European acts. How unfortunate for this nation that the emperor Alexander had not taken the title of king of Poland, and thereby associated the cause of this oppressed people with that of all generous minds! Napoleon asked one of his generals, in the presence of M. de Balasheff, if he had ever been at Moscow, and what sort of a city it was. The general replied, that it had appeared to him to be rather a large village than a capital. 'And how many churches are there in it?' continued the emperor. 'About sixteen hundred,' was the reply. 'That is quite inconceivable,' rejoined Napoleon, 'at a time when the world has ceased to be religious.' 'Pardon me, sire,' said M. de Balasheff, 'the Russians and Spaniards are so still.' Admirable reply! and which presaged, one would hope, that the Russians would be the Castilians of the north."

NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE FROM LONDON TO COLUMBIA RIVER, AND AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST SETTLERS THERE.

#### CHAP. I.

*Arrival of the Ship Tonquin, of Boston, at the Columbia River, with Settlers.—Loss of a Boat, an Officer, and six Men, in sounding a Passage.—Loss of another Boat and two Men.—Miraculous Escape of a Blacksmith, and a Sandwich Islander.—Settlers landed.—The Tonquin trades along the North-west coast.—Dreadful Catastrophe.—Resolute Conduct of the*

#### *Blacksmith.—His Fate, and Fate of the Vessel and Crew.*

The ship *Tonquin*, belonging to John Jacob Aster, left Boston about the year 1811, with settlers, for the purpose of forming an establishment on the Columbia river. On their passage out, they touched at the Sandwich Islands to fill up their water casks, and procure a supply of provisions. Captain Thorne encountered considerable difficulties from the disposition which his ship's company evinced to leave the vessel at these islands, and was even obliged to get the settlers to keep watch over them to prevent desertion: the boatswain, by some means, however eluded the guard, and escaped to the shore. The *Tonquin* arrived off the mouth of the Columbia in March, 1811. Captain Thorne not being acquainted with the harbour, dispatched a whale-boat, with an officer and six men, to sound the passage over the bar into the river. The ship was then under close reefed top-sails, and a strong gale blowing from the north-west, so that the first officer was much averse to going on this service; and it is rather singular, that previous to his leaving the *Tonquin*, he observed to Mr. McDougal (who was to be the governor of the establishment), that he was going to lay his bones beside those of his uncle, who had perished in crossing the bar of the Columbia river, a year or two before that time. In a quarter of an hour after they left the ship, they hoisted a signal of distress, and then disappeared—thus seven men found a watery grave! The *Tonquin* stood out to sea for that night, and in the morning again stood in, and another boat was ordered off under the command of the second officer (Mr. Moffat) who peremptorily refused to go, observing, that he could see a passage better from the mast head. Captain Thorne then ordered a man, who was to have the command of a shallop (of which they had the frame on board), to take the command of the boat, with two Sandwich islanders (several of whom they had on board for the establishment), the ship's blacksmith, and one sailor, Mr. McDougal having refused to let any of the settlers go on that service which they looked on as little better than an act of insanity. Shortly after the boat had left the ship, she ran by it; the boat

was then so close that the people asked for a rope; but the vessel herself was in so perilous a situation, that all on board had to attend to their own safety. She struck several times on the bar, and the sea made a fair breach over her; but they at length got under the north point, into Baker's bay. On the following day they saw a white man on the rocks, in the bay. Captain Thorne dispatched a boat, which returned with the blacksmith, who had been in the second boat sent to sound the channel. The account he gave of himself was, that shortly after the ship had passed them, the boat swamped; that the master of the shallop and the sailor were drowned, and that he was saved by the exertions of the Sandwich islanders, who had dived several times to clear him of the lead line which was entangled round his legs; as the tide was ebbing strong, the boat drifted clear of the breakers; the islanders got a bucket and one of the oars; the blacksmith and one of the islanders took it in turns to scull the boat during the night; the other islander died in consequence of being benumbed with the cold, so that he could not exert himself as the others did. At day-light, they found themselves drifted to the northward of the river into a small sandy bay; they run the boat on the beach, and hauled her as high as their strength would allow them, and got their dead companion out. They then crossed the point towards the river, and entered the woods, where the islander lay down by the stump of a tree. The blacksmith left him, crossed the point, and arrived in sight of the river, where, to his inexpressible joy, he saw the ship at anchor in the bay.

Captain Thorne sent a party in search of the islander, whom they found. They also recovered the boat, and buried the other native. They then landed the settlers about seven miles from the entrance of the river, and on the south side, where they immediately commenced clearing away the woods, building a fort, block-houses, &c. to protect themselves against the Indians. The *Tonquin* next landed part of her cargo, of which Mr. McDougal took charge; and Mr. McKie accompanied Captain Thorne to trade with the Indians to the northward. For this

purpose, they sailed from the river, and swept along the coast, communicating with the shore, till they came to Woody Point, where they ran into a snug harbour, in latitude of 50 deg. 6 min. N. and longitude 127 deg. 43 min. W.; in this place they carried on a brisk trade with the natives, of whom Capt. Thorne, however, allowed too many to come on board. Mr. McKie remonstrated, and pointed out the danger to which they subjected themselves, by placing too much confidence in savages. But the captain was above taking his advice, and permitted still more liberty in visiting the ship. On the morning of the fatal catastrophe taking place, he was awakened by his brother (whom he had appointed chief mate in the room of the one who was lost, while Mr. Moffat was was left at the Columbia river to command the schooner or shallop), coming to inform him, that the natives were crowding on board in very great numbers, and without women, which was a sure sign of their hostile intentions. Upon reaching the deck, Captain Thorne was alarmed, and ordered the ship to be got under-way; four persons went aloft to loose the sails, while the remainder were heaving at the windlass. The Indians had seated themselves round the decks between the guns, apparently without arms; but while the sailors were in the act of heaving at the windlass, they gave a sudden yell, and drew long knives from their hair, in which they had them concealed, rushed on the men, and butchered every person on deck. Captain Thorne defended himself for some time, but was at length overpowered, after having killed several of his assailants. The people aloft, terrified by this slaughter, slid down by the stays, and got into the fore-castle, where, by means of the loop-holes, they soon cleared the decks of the savages. They were for some time at a loss how to act, and it was at length resolved that three should take the long-boat, and endeavour to reach the Columbia river; the blacksmith being wounded preferred staying on board, and endeavouring to revenge the death of his ship-mates: the three men accordingly took provision and arms, and left the ship, and pulled directly out to sea. The blacksmith then waved to the natives to return on

board, having previously laid a train of gunpowder to the magazine, and got his musket ready to fire it. The Indians seeing but one man in the vessel, came off in great numbers, and boarded without fear. He pointed out to them where to find the different articles of trade; and while they were all busily employed breaking open boxes, loosing bales, &c. he fired the train, and jumped overboard. By this explosion was destroyed nearly the whole village. He was picked up by some of the canoes, and it is said by the natives, is still among them, but is never allowed to come near the sea-shore. It may appear strange that he was not put to some violent death; but the savages estimate too highly the value of a blacksmith, who repairs their muskets, makes knives, &c.; in short, he is the greatest acquisition they can have. With respect to the three men who escaped the massacre on board, not being able to weather Woody Point, they were driven on shore, and killed by the natives. The boat remains, together with the wreck of the Tonquin, to this day. The former part of this account of the loss of the Tonquin, I had from Mr. McDougal, the governor of the fort at Columbia river, and the remainder from the natives, with whom I have had frequent intercourse, and whom I invariably found it to my interest to use well, as they are sensible of the slightest attention, and are prone to revenge the slightest insult.

### AGRICULTURE.

#### ON VEGETABLE MANURES.

[From Burrough's Essays on Practical Husbandry.]

"Under this head may be classed all green crops which can be grown on the land to advantage, and which, when consumed on it, or ploughed in, will leave it in a higher state of fertility than it was previous to such crops being produced. This theory has, however, been disputed by some intelligent agriculturists, who assert, in defence of their own opinions, that 'land, by producing those crops, will be robbed of its active and vegetative properties in proportion to their luxuriance; and, therefore, by the crop being returned, when produced, into the same land, you only add to its fertility in the same de-

gree as what it was reduced in producing them." Now, this theory would be very sound, if it could be proved that leguminous plants were fed more by the soil than by the atmosphere; but, so far from this being the fact, it will be found that even poor land is in a more fertile state after producing a luxuriant crop of vetches, rape, or red clover, than before those crops were sown; and that after these being cultivated, preparatory, on exhausted soils, they will be renovated, and produce afterwards good crops of corn. If the land be not impoverished by producing such crops, it is evident that it must gain the entire benefit of the crop so produced, when ploughed in, and that it will, by feeding the crop on it, be made capable of supporting a much greater proportion of stock, and, consequently, a greater body of manure will be deposited than had the land been in common pasturage. But it may be said, that those vegetable crops can be of little benefit to the soil when not mixed with animal manure, or without passing through a process of fermentation. This, however, will be found, on experience, to be very erroneous doctrine; for it has been proved, that the most fertilizing manures that have ever been used, are those which become putrid without going through any acetous fermentation whatever. Naismyth, in his Elements of Agriculture, has stated some experiments, by which it appears that vegetable matter, decomposed by water alone, produced manure of the best quality; and in many instances I have myself experienced, that green vegetables, when applied as manure, have produced abundant crops. The following experiment may tend further to illustrate this assertion.—On a ley field which was ploughed for oats (the soil a strong clay, with limestone gravel subsoil), about ten perches were covered with turnip-tops preparatory to being ploughed; the entire field was then sown with oats. But on the part of the field where the turnip-tops had been ploughed in, the crop was by far more luxuriant, and produced one-third more, in proportion, than the rest of the field.

"Some of the most fertile manure I ever collected was composed of decayed vegetables and weeds, which were heaped together during



the winter, and turned twice. But the most striking proof of the good effect of decayed vegetables as manure I have yet to observe: viz. After digging out a field of potatoes, I had all the stalks and dirt of them collected together: they remained in this state for nearly four months, when the heap was turned, and this repeated in about two months afterwards. In the month of April I carted it out for potatoes on a poor soil, in the same proportion as I would apply farm-yard dung; the crop proved in every respect profitable, and of good quality. Part of the field I sowed with wheat, and part with oats, the following year, and both crops proved most productive.

"I was informed by a very experienced farmer in Herefordshire, that after many ineffectual trials to produce a crop of wheat off a field which he had been for many years cultivating, he was induced to sow winter vetches, as preparatory for this crop. The first crop of the vetches was mown for soiling, and the second growth ploughed in for manure: the crop of wheat, afterwards produced, was far superior to any he had ever obtained off the same field by any culture. In strong clayey soils, the wire-worm is often very prevalent; and when dung is applied for any crop in a fresh state (which is very injudicious), it engenders this insect still more, by which the young plants are often cut off, and the crop lost. I have found that, by ploughing in a green crop, the effects from the wire-worm were not so fatal, and that the land was afterwards much freer from weeds.

"The benefit to be derived from vegetable manure, is, however, by no means equal on all kinds of soil; neither can its application be practised indiscriminately. On calcareous, gravelly, or sandy soils, it promotes fertility in a great degree; but on loams, moors, or cold tenacious soils, it is by no means appropriate. These former soils are generally deficient in vegetable matter; and, by supplying them with a proportion of this artificially, you give them properties by which active vegetation will be excited: But soils already replete with vegetable matter could be little benefited by a similar application, unless being first put through a preparatory process,

by which they would be impregnated with other substances which would fit them to receive benefit from such treatment.

"When it is considered at what a trifling expense land can be manured in this manner, it is sufficient encouragement to every farmer to try it, at least partially. The expense of collecting and carting out farm yard dung is very great, independent of the difficulty of procuring sufficient for an extensive tillage farm. By vegetable manure hundreds of acres can be improved at an expense little more than the seed necessary for sowing the land; for it may be well calculated on, that the advantages of either soiling the crop sown, or feeding it for a few months, will be more than adequate to the rent which would accrue before a crop of corn can be obtained."

#### GENERAL RULES FOR THE CULTIVATION OF ARABLE LAND.

The first and most excellent rule is, that every sort of corn should be succeeded by either clover or tares. And to promote this succession, the stubbles, where there are not any clover or other seeds fit for being preserved for a crop, should, without the loss of any time, at the end of corn harvest, be worked with a scuffle; (scarifier or grubber are other names for the same implement.) When used on moderately strong land, this implement may be expected to cut up the stubble and weeds to the depth of an inch or two; but if the soil be friable it will cut up all such rubbish to a considerably greater depth. In this labour four horses, with a man and one boy, may be expected to go twice in a place over six acres daily, or a proportionably less quantity of land, by going over the same ground three or four times. The rubbish should be immediately raked together, either by women with such rakes as are used in a hay-field, or by an iron rake drawn by a horse; or it is supposed the work may be better done by the horse-rake going first, and that followed by the hay-rakes. Such root weeds as may happen to escape the rakes, should be picked up by hand, and the whole, placed in heaps, should be burned, and the ashes spread. Or in case the season should be so wet as to interrupt the fires, it would be nearly as well to cart the

rubbish off the land to a heap, for the purpose of decomposition, in aid of a future dunghill. The foregoing operations may be done for about ten shillings per acre. When the interior of the soil is free from couch, and the surface has been cleansed, as aforesaid, it is in readiness for being sown the same autumn without any previous ploughing. It has been mentioned that the last crop was corn without clover, therefore this crop ought to be tares, either alone, three bushels per acre, or tares, ten pecks, mixed with five pecks of winter barley; the writer of this article gives preference to the latter. These seeds may be covered by either harrows or a scuffle for a shilling per acre; or more perfectly by the thin narrow slices of a very small plough; but with greater dispatch by a double or treble plough of the same light construction. In either case the seams occasioned by the plough should be closed by a very light harrow, or a bush harrow, and if any root weeds should appear on the surface, they should be picked up and carried off. This process, with the seed ploughed in, costs about eight or ten shillings per acre.

Secondly. After the surface has been cleansed as aforesaid, if the interior of the soil should be found to contain much couch, it should be extracted without delay. For which purpose, if the soil should be friable, the scuffle may be worked till it penetrate to such a depth as may enable it to raise all the couch to the surface; it should then be raked together as well as picked up by hand and burned as aforesaid: these things will cost about another ten shillings, by which the whole process for cleansing a friable soil will be about twenty shillings per acre. Even if the soil be clay, the scuffle may be loaded and tried in order to discover whether it is likely to succeed by five, six, or even more applications, in clearing the soil from root weeds to the depth of five or six inches. If the scuffle can be made to penetrate the soil, it will not want ploughing, as it would be more perfectly pulverized, and the couch better extracted, by the scuffle. But in case the soil should be clay, and unfortunately so dry and stubborn as to bid defiance to the scuffle, it would be advisable to postpone the work till the ground become softened by

rain. However, if the weather should continue dry, and the agriculturist should not be able to employ his teams more usefully, the ploughs may be applied; but they should be loaded and equipped with shares steeled and pointed like a woodcock's bill, which shape is well calculated to penetrate and turn a very hard soil: some of the Hertfordshire ploughs and their shares are so constructed. With this implement plough the soil clean to about half the depth of a fair furrow; the harrows and scuffle may then be employed to pulverize the earth which has been turned by the plough, and raise the root weeds to the surface, where they should be collected together and burned, as in the former case. As soon as these things are finished, the land should be reploughed a full depth, and immediately worked with the harrows and scuffle sufficiently to pulverize the soil and raise all that remains of the couch to the surface, where it should be collected and burned as before. The entire expense of pulverizing and cleansing the soil in this manner by the united aid of the plough and the scuffle has been found to cost (10s.  $\times$  19s.  $\times$  19s.—) 2l. 8s. per acre.

In every case the operations of harrowing, scuffling, raking, picking, and burning root weeds should be continued till they are entirely destroyed, or carried off the land.

This method of destroying root weeds will be found to be advisable for almost every new tenant; as the quitting tenants leave their soil abundantly, though unjustly, stockaded with such injurious roots. But a good agriculturist will never have occasion to repeat the operation, as a proper share of vigilance on his part may ever afterwards keep his soil clean. Though this subject will require as much of his attention as is usually and wisely given to these things by the Flemish farmers, who harrow and pick all the root weeds off which can be found upon their soil, after every ploughing.

In case the scene of operation should present two sorts of land of such different qualities as wet and dry, it would be advisable to cleanse the wet soil first,—that is, while the dry weather continues, as the dryer ground would more conveniently admit the performance of such works in the moist weather of autumn.

One or other of the foregoing cases, numbered one and two, are applicable to every sort of soil; for be that what it may, it will by such means be got into a state of perfect cleanness, and consequently fit for covering the seeds of any winter crop, particularly such as tares either alone or mixed with winter barley. Or if the agriculturist should determine, though much against his own interest, not to sow all the soil so cleansed during the autumn, it will be much cleaner than usual, and when the time arrives it will be in readiness for any spring crop.

In every way in which this subject can be viewed, it is perfectly certain that clearing the soil of stubble and weeds in autumn is vastly preferable to the old method of letting such rubbish remain upon the land through the winter, and then ploughing them in previously to sowing any spring crop to take its chance among the weeds.

All the soil cleansed in autumn and not then sown, will be equally fit for being ploughed once very deeply, even to sixteen inches or more, and to remain in that state through the winter, ready for the reception of any spring crop, including even carrots and parsnips; or of being then (in the spring) prepared for a summer crop of either potatoes, mangel-worzel, turnips, cole or cabbages. Some of the superior agriculturists of both England and Flanders, deem it advisable to trench their soil either by ploughs or spades occasionally, or about once in every rotation. This may be performed in the most beneficial manner in the early part of winter, on the commencement of frost, as then the insects are benumbed and rendered incapable of burrowing into the ground; consequently this ploughing exposes them to be picked up by the birds, and to be destroyed by frost. The last, ploughing a great depth and opening the water furrows and grips, occasion an expense which has been found to vary from thirty shillings to upwards of two guineas per acre, according to the tenacity of the soil and the depth of the trench ploughing. Moreover any arable land may be left in this clean state through the winter, very favorably for being saturated with water and then pulverized by frost.

Land that lies on a declivity should

never be ploughed directly up and down, as that exposes it to be washed by heavy rain, which runs the best of the soil, as well as the manure and the seed, from the highest parts of the field to the lowest, or even to the ditches and rivulets, by which they are lost. A sand or other soil which is liable to become too dry in summer, should probably be ploughed entirely flat, and they do it so in Kent with a turn rise plough across the declivity. And a strong or wet soil lying on a declivity should probably be ploughed in ridges across the rising ground, just sufficiently oblique to enable the furrows to drain the superfluous water off the land without a current.

These circumstances taken altogether are well calculated to secure the success of the crops during the following summer. The agriculturist who cleanses and ploughs all his arable land, which has not a crop upon it, before Christmas, will have leisure during the following spring and summer to sow all his crops in the early part of the several seasons; and in that manner he will certainly have the best chance of reaping the largest produce.

The estimates in this short essay are made on the principle of charging one day's labour by a horse 4s., men 2s., women 9d. to 1s., and boys 6d. to 1s. These prices are intended to include working tools and implements of every description, particularly in the case of horses, the 4s. includes their food and the tax on them, as well as their shoes and farrier; together with the bills of harness-makers, blacksmiths, and wheelwrights, for ploughs, harrows, scuffles, carts, waggons, rollers, horse-hoes, and all other things used or worked by horses, as well as wear, tear, and accidents of every description, and even the purchase of other horses in lieu of such as happen to die or become unable to labour.

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